

STRIKING ILLUSTRATIONS OF A WOMAN PHOTOGRAPHER'S SKI.



MISS FLORIDE GREEN.

An Alabama Girl Wins Fame in New York for Her Artistic Posing.

Photography is a calling particularly adapted to women of artistic and refined tastes, and many have successfully taken it up.

But few have done it on such a broad and successful scale as Miss Floride Green, a young girl from Alabama.

In answer to the question how she came to adopt this line of work, she said:

"My ambition was to have been an artist, but as I was educated in the poverty-stricken times, after the war, when my family had no means to cultivate any artistic talent that I might have possessed, that was out of the question. So I took

up photography as the best means of gratifying my taste.

"No, I have never been taught by any one. All that I know I have gained by seven years of hard work and experiment.

"I intend to be some day the woman Sarnoy," she said, laughing.

"My work has been quite varied. Of course, I do the ordinary photographic work. But the work I enjoy most is taking children and in getting groups of the negroes as they are at their every-day work on the plantations. The negro is always anxious to have his picture taken, but he insists on his 'Sunday clothes.' This is not what I want, for a negro is not artistic in good clothes. Some of my groups of them have been made into slides and exhibited in Europe. They are also sought after for illustrating 'Dejo' de war' stories.

"With the children I have won my greatest success. I am happy to say the day has passed when a child is placed in a chair with its head in a vice and told to 'watch for the bird.' The best results are often gotten when they are taken at home among their familiar surroundings, but of course then there is the difficulty of getting the proper light. When they come to me I invariably dismiss the mother or nurse, and then make friends with the little one, and by the time they have ex-



amined the mysteries of the studio and my playthings—for I have everything, from a pile of sand to a most marvelous elephant, they have lost their dread of me and the camera, and are perfectly willing to pose as I want them to. Of course, this takes time, but the results are so satisfactory that it pays in the end.

"A large painting has been made of my boys on the scales. The scale makers wanted to buy the right to use it for advertising purposes. There is no 'royal road to success' in photography. It means lots of work and the closest attention to details."

HIS ARITHMETIC.

"My wife has a new pair of shoes which cost me the pretty sum of \$45," said the married man. "I gave her \$5 for shoes, which she used for something else, and two days after she complained that her shoes were too shabby to go out with, and I plunked down \$40 more. She went shopping for shoes, but fell a victim to a bargain in children's clocks. The third I went for a new rocking-chair, and so on. It isn't necessary to go into details, but I gave her nine \$5 bills before she got the shoes. Nine times five makes forty-five, doesn't it?"

THE PATERNAL CHILL.

Here is a mighty question for a parent. At how tender an age does a child evince signs of masculine superiority? Here is a case in point: "And now," the host to the little five-year-old son, who had been spelling dog and cat and hat and rat, "spell Lucy," meaning to compel the young lady guest.

"No, sir, I don't spell no girls," was the indignant reply of the miniature man.

Contemporaries: Good people who would like you if you were dead.



OF INTEREST TO WOMEN

A Few Fashions—Tale of an East Side Missionary—What Kind of Freckles Have You?

TOOK IT LITERALLY.

A little maiden of seven years attended the wedding of an elder brother. The Episcopal service, heard for the first time, made a deep impression on her mind. A few days after, she called to see the bride and found her sitting on her husband's lap. Looking at them wistfully for a few moments, she exclaimed: "Oh, yes, I see to have and to hold."

BLIND JENNIE'S STORY.

A Tragedy of the East Side Which Brings Sweetness and Light to Others.

"Jennie," the little blind missionary of the East Side, is probably one of the most terribly distressed women in this city, and also one of the happiest. She has neither money nor near relatives, but has friends on almost every block within a radius of miles. She rarely ever leaves her tiny, bare room on dingy Rivington street, yet she is the confidant of hosts of young girls from the downtown shops and factories; is the arbiter of disputes between men and women far older than herself, and the foster mother of half the children in her neighborhood. On Sundays often from twenty to thirty girls visit her between 3 and 7 o'clock in the afternoon, listening to her simple, earnest talks on religious subjects and joining with her as she sings in a weak and quivering voice her favorite hymns.

As for the children, she has them literally always with her. There is scarcely an hour in the day when the rickety old staircase leading to "Our Jennie's" room is not creaking under the careless tread of children, little and big, who listen with apparent delight to the stories told by their blind friend. These are the children who could not be coaxed into a Sunday school even if they were assured that jackknives and footballs would be given away with the golden texts.

A large and flourishing East Side stood on a wooden bench near the window. As she spoke the blind girl put her arms about the long stalk and laying her face against the white blossoms, said: "It was my Easter greeting. I feel as though it were a friend."

A more striking contrast could scarcely be imagined than the delicate snow-white petals against the black, scarred face of the little woman. For Jennie is not only blind, but disfigured in a way at once hideous and grotesque.

When she was scarcely fourteen, a terrible disease attacked her eyes, which not only destroyed her sight, but on healing obliterated all trace of the eyes, eyebrows and upper part of the nose, injuring the contour of the mouth and affecting the vocal cords.

Of all the years of suffering and sorrow the blind girl never speaks unless questioned. Her mind and heart is with her work, her girls and the children.

In speaking of her classes Jennie said: "It all began by the girls from the Sheriff street school coming to see me. I used to go to that school myself and when the girls in my class heard about my being blind they were very good and came often to see me. When they realized how happy I made me to have them come, they brought other girls from the shops and now I am rarely alone."

"And they are very good to me. Why, 'mornin' one of the girls came and scrubbed my floor. I usually do that, and all my work myself, but Easter eve I had a class until midnight and was too tired to clean up for Easter. But it often happens

if the girls take much of my time that they in turn help me with my work."

It was curious to hear the blind girl chatting about her domestic affairs like any other housekeeper. Since her mother's death, about a year ago, Jennie has kept house for herself, cooked her own meals, washed her dishes, and, at twilight, when she hears the workmen coming in, she invariably lights a small lamp. She used to keep this light burning for her mother, and it makes her happier to keep up the old custom.

Jennie's housework is not arduous, for her room is neither big nor crowded. There is a small kitchen stove, a sofa, a couple of wooden chairs and a tottering table. Strange to say, the walls are covered with pictures, illuminated texts and bright advertising panels. There is sunlight in the room, and in the Summer Jennie says "It is just lovely, for sometimes there's a little breeze from the river."

For eight years she has been a member of Hope Chapel, whose pastor, the Rev. John B. Devins, has been her friend. Her daily needs are met by the church members and the girls who love her. The presents of money, food and clothes that come to her at Christmas and Easter are given away as rapidly as received, as she says, to "the poor." For, some way, Jennie never regards herself as either poor or in trouble. Her thoughts are always reaching out away from herself to some sick mother, heartbroken girl or half-blind child, and the good things that come into her life are saved for them—her "family."

And when the older girls of Jennie's class step out into the hazardous matrimonial ventures of the East Side she is not forgotten. There are the husbands to be converted and the children to be named, all of which seems to be part of her mission.

Jennie is not old—scarcely thirty yet, and looking still younger because she has never grown since the loss of her eyesight. She has heavy, jet-black hair, which she wears school-girl fashion, hanging in braids to her knees. Her only article of adornment is a small gold band, and whenever Jennie feels the ring on her finger she prays for the girl who used to own it, whose life furnished one of the East Side tragedies.

"SO NEAR AND YET SO FAR."

Two women met as perfect strangers in the Adirondacks one Summer, and being mutually attracted a pleasant acquaintance resulted. Quite early in its development one said to the other, "Where do you live?"

"In New York," was the reply.

"Indeed! So do I, in ——— street," mentioning a street quite far uptown.

"Why, I live in that same one," said her friend, "at No. 63. What is your number?"

"Now really?" the other exclaimed, "why, mine is 61."

And upon closer inquiry they found that for two years they had lived next door to each other, only a brick wall of partition dividing them, in houses owned by the same man, and yet had not only never met nor become familiar with each other's personality, but also had apparently never even seen each other in all that time, but became well acquainted in a Summer resort many miles from New York.

Youth: A boon appreciated in old age.

COLD OR WINTER FRECKLES.

Mrs. Ayer Writes of the Freckles That Come to Stay Except Under Painful Removal.

Remedies, However, Are Given, and Best of All, Means of Prevention Offered.

Cold, or Winter, freckles know no season. They come to stay, and sometimes a collection of twenty small spots will run apparently into one and produce a brown patch, most unpleasant to look at and the cause of real suffering to the girl or woman so afflicted.

Corrosive sublimate, strong enough to blister and peel the skin, is the commonly used agent for removing these freckles. It is perfectly true that there is but one way to take them off, and that is by removing the cause. This method, however, is extremely painful, at the best, but temporary, for under the same conditions that first caused them they will undoubtedly reappear. I think cold freckles are often the result of disordered health or of some disturbance of the natural functions of the skin.

It should be remembered that corrosive sublimate is a dangerous poison and should be kept in a safe place and out of the reach of children.

The standard lotion for freckles is made as follows:

Freckle Lotion—Take of Jordan almonds (blanched), 1 ounce; Water almonds (blanched), ½ to 1; 2 to 3 drams; distilled water, ½ pint; form into an emulsion; to the strained emulsion, with agitation, gradually add of bichloride of mercury (in coarse powder), 15 grains, previously dissolved in distilled water, ¼ pint, after which further add enough distilled water (2 or 3 teaspoonsful) to make the whole measure exactly one pint.

The Medical Record, which is the acknowledged highest authority in its line in this country, gave a formula some years ago for the removal of freckles, which has been tried with surprising success. It is as follows (a trifle reduced in strength), and has the advantage of being harmless.

Lactic Acid Lotion—Four ounces lactic acid, 2 ounces glycerine, 1 ounce rosewater. Apply with a small velvet sponge two or three times daily.

This lotion will cause a slight burning of the skin, which is a part of the process of the extinction of freckles. The use of a little cold cream (formula for which has been given in the Journal) to the irritated surface will allay the burning.

Snit the use of the freckle lotion to the condition of your skin. It is never intended to produce more than a slight superficial redness. If the redness and burning are uncomfortable omit the freckle lotion for a day or two, using the cold cream meantime.

Most patches are almost invariably the result of liver or kidney disease. Nothing externally applied will permanently remove most patches—at least, that is my opinion. Therefore, if you are so afflicted, you should consult a physician at once and try to remove the cause by a course of internal treatment. Sometimes, however, when internal remedies have failed, electricity will restore the liver to a normal condition. A ten-cell dry battery of the best make should cost about \$15. Be sure to get a good one, for, like everything else, they have been imitated, and many worthless batteries are in the market. If possible, make the application of electricity through a tub of water. If you have a large bathing tub fill it two-thirds full of water, as warm as can be pleasantly borne; if you have not,

use a Sitz tub. Throw a large coffee cup of common cooking salt into the water; attach the wires to the cells according to instructions, securing a large bathing sponge to the sponge handle electrode, which comes for that purpose, sit in the tub, with the water well up around the loins and abdomen, so the sponge through which the current is passing in the water and apply to the region of the liver, back and front, and all about the kidneys. You can regulate the current according to your sensibility.

Answers to Correspondents.
Pomona—There are several methods for reducing the size of the bust. The "Kitch" treatment, I believe, is considered the most efficacious. I will give this treatment in detail in a later paper.

Annie G.—Formulas for depilatories in a later paper.

HARRIET HUBBARD AYER.
A PARISIAN IDEA.

Some epicureans declare that cheese should be barred from well regulated tables during the months when the oyster enjoys its annual vacation. But while April lasts a salad of lettuce and cream cheese is a delicious luncheon or supper dish. The cream cheese should be colored green with the juice of boiled spinach, then seasoned with pepper and made into balls about the size of a walnut. On a flat, wide dish the hearts of lettuce heads should be formed into nests holding three or four cheese balls each. The salad should be accompanied by mayonnaise dressing.

There is a new triple mirror on the market, which will enable women to obtain inspiring views of their back hair without difficulty. It differs from the ordinary, triple, folding mirror in that the three glasses are not hinged together, but are rather widely separated and may be placed at the middle and the two ends of the dressing table.

It is a waste of time and energy for the woman who does her own scullery work to try to scrape clean scorched and blackened baking dishes and platters. Even rubbing them with dampened salt is a tedious process. If a little ashes and water are placed in the dishes and they are then allowed to heat slowly on the back of the range, they may be easily rubbed into their original state of spotlessness.

UP AND DOWN BROADWAY.

The few warm days have served to develop enthusiasm for yachting symbols of all sorts. The array of pins and buttons is as extensive as it is tempting. There are not only the familiar signal flags and the like, but lovely round brooches with graceful yachts under full sail, taking the place of the miniatures that have been the winter's craze. A fact worth noting, by the way, is that the vessels are no whit less well painted than are the famous beauties they have come to rival.

Empire lamp shades have developed still another variety. The latest shown is made in sections of an oblong shape, which are joined to make the circular, or nearly circular, shade. Each section is covered with wood-printed silk, and there is a finish around the top and bottom of pink chiffon made into a full bloom.

A LITTLE WOMAN'S GARDEN PARTY FROCK AND HAT.



Nowadays, when "Little Miss Moffitt sits on a tuft, eating of curds and whey," she is what is known to modistes as "a symphony." That is to say, Little Miss Moffitt's big shirred hat matches her loose, shirred frock. Whether she is clad in checked gingham, or in flowered organdie, or in white lawn, the crown and headgear match.

The effect is particularly pretty in the flowered organdies. The de-brimmed hat has a moderately high, soft crown, and is heavily corded to give it the requisite stiffness.

Sometimes, when the gown is trimmed with lace, there is a narrow lace edge on the brim, or just under the crown, close against the hair. The hats have no other trimming, and the dresses are made with almost equal simplicity. They are gathered on square yokes, and hang loosely from them.

A frill over the shoulders is the most decorative thing permitted on them, and often even that is lacking. Such little costumes are quite appropriate for May Day fetes, or garden parties, and are designed especially to be worn on such occasions.